

Moore's Mills

N.Y. [New York]

May 3, 1908

Dear Family,

I guess you got the postal I sent you yesterday. It was hardly as beautiful as the real thing, but it served to give you some idea of the country. To begin at the beginning.

We started out about eleven o'clock from V.C. [Vassar College] on Friday, seven of us packed into a barge. The "seven" being Dorothy Menner, Caroline Hall, Helen Mossman, Helen Paine, Rachel Rude, Alice Wing, and I. It was quite cold but we laughed so much we got ourselves warm! We started out by playing "Roadside Whist," but as long as the other side beat us all the time, we decided not to play. Then we decided to make up new names for each other with the following results!

Dorothy Metter - Marietta Graham Pancake

Caroline Hall - John Will Burst

Helen Mossman - [Ura] Case

Helen Paine - Hedda Paine

Rachel Rude - Etta Egg

Alice Wing - Philip Fuller

I - [unreadable] Way Burst.

The drive over was simply perfect - regular country all the way with farms and white farm house with green shutters, All the farms go up hill and down dale, and the ploughing and sowing must be a work of art. All the fields are divided by the most picturesque stone walls.

We reached here about one o'clock, and found plenty of other V.C. [Vassar College] people here before us. We were starved of course and consumed loaves and loaves of the most delicious graham bread. We sleep at a Doctor's cottage just a little way down the road, and as we are the only boarders there, we have the time of our lives. Mrs. Hall, the Doctor's wife, is a character, and informed us quite soon "Never to marry a doctor's wife!"

We were all so dozey we all sat around and snoozed or sewed while Caroline read us a fool story out of "The Ladies Home Journal" called "Lynch's Daughter," very melodramatic and slushy to a degree. We were here in plenty of time for supper, however, and repeated our attacks on the brown bread. We have dubbed ourselves "The Consumer's League," although Miss Susan knows us only as "The Seven." Miss Susan, by the way, is a wonder. She is an old Quaker who keeps this "hostelry" (we decided this was neither a hotel nor a boarding house, and so must be a hostelry) and she wears a green and white [unreadable] and a blue and white skirt, with a [unreadable] white apron ruffled at the bottom. Her gray hair is perfectly smooth and neat, and on top of it she wears a heavy net. She calls everyone "Friend," and always "Thee's and Thou's" everybody.

Friday night we were all in bed by nine o'clock, and thought it was very late!

Yesterday we wandered around all morning, and went to the store where we got the postals, and then climbed partly up a mountain. Each of us had an "all day sucker," and I took a picture of them all "at it"; I hope it comes out but I'm not much good at pictures, I'm afraid. At dinner we found that Matt [Mary] Babbott and

her roommate Florence Browne with two other people had come to spend Sunday so the V.C. [Vassar College] delegation at Moore's Mills numbers about thirty!

Yesterday afternoon we determined to find some [unreadable], and we all started out the road. Ruth Weeks had told us the directions, but of course we all understood them differently, and squabbled at every cross-road. We ended by coming back in a nice April shower where we walked home with rain beating in our faces, and got nicely soaked. But we soon dried out in front of Miss Susan's stove in the dining room, and then the other people read palms while I went to sleep! Last evening a whole lot of us sat around in a circle and played silly games like "Beast, Bird and Fish" and "It." Then we decided we'd better go back and go to bed, as it was getting pretty late (it was 8:45!).

This morning it is airily cold and blowy, but Helen Paine and I have already walked about five miles up the road and back, while the rest of them sat around and read a story. If this letter is decidedly incoherent, please excuse it, but Caroline is reading "The [Unreadable] of Somebody or other" out loud to Helen Mossman while everybody else is either reading or writing.

We are going to drive back this p.m., right after dinner, and as the sun seems to be seriously considering the advisability of coming out to stay, I think it'll be warm and nice.

We have had a glorious three days. It has been so lovely and quiet and we have been perfectly independent and done just what we wanted. I'm sorry it's all over, but it has done us worlds of good, I know. Matt said that Founder's was a great success, and the dance was lovely. She said, however, that Helen Josselyn - the Chairman of the Committee - spent most [of] her evening grabbing Freshman off the floor when they insisted upon dancing. I don't see why people can't do what they're supposed to do instead of trying to be conspicuous..

Well, I must stop now for I am writing on the dining room table, and it's [almost] time for them to set the table.

Goodbye, Lots and lots of love

from  
Marjorie

Postmark:   POUGHKEEPSIE  
          May 4  
          5 30PM  
          1908  
          N.Y.

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